



# Nurse and Spy

## The Adventures of a Woman in Hospitals, Camps and Battlefields.

BY S. EMMA E. EDMONDS.

**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.**  
The author, a native of New Brunswick, and inspired by love of the Union, at the outbreak of the civil war goes to Washington, engages as nurse to the soldiers, leaving for the field of Bull Run with the army. During the battle she aids the wounded.

**CHAPTER VII.**  
IN THE HOSPITALS—SOLDIERS WHO WERE CHRISTIANS—MCCLELLAN ASKS FOR TROOPS—MERRIMAC AND MONITOR.

The dead having been buried and the wounded removed to the hospitals and college buildings in Williamsburg, the fatigued troops sought repose. Upon visiting the wounded rebels I saw several whom I had met in Yorktown, among them the Sergeant of the picket post who had given me a friendly shake and told me I slept on my post he would shoot me like a dog. He was pretty badly wounded, and did not seem to remember me.

A little farther on a young darky lay groaning upon the floor. I went to look at him, and asked if I could do anything for him. I recognized in the distorted face before me the same darky who had befriended me at Yorktown, and to whom I had offered the five-dollar greenback. I assured my friends that I repaid that boy's kindness with double interest;—when my hands turned traitors. He was made an especial object of interest and care.

Some few of the rebel prisoners were gentlemanly and intelligent, and their countenances betokened a high state of moral culture. Many were low, insolent, bloodthirsty creatures, who regarded me as one of the enemy, while others there were who seemed not to know enough to be either one thing or the other, but were simply living, breathing animals, subject to any order, and who would just as soon retreat as advance, so long as they did not have to fight. They did not care who won the battle.

On the whole there was a vast contrast between the Northern and Southern soldiers as they appeared in the hospitals, but perhaps prejudice had something to do in making the rebels appear so much inferior to our men.

A BRAVE SERGEANT.  
In passing through the college building I noticed a young Sergeant, a mere boy, who was shot in the temple. He attracted my attention, and I made some inquiry concerning him. He was a Federal, and belonged to the 11th Maine. An old soldier sitting by him told me the following:

"That boy is not 16 yet, he enlisted as a private, and has lost his bravery and good conduct, earned the three stripes which you see on his arm. He fought all day yesterday like a young lion, leading charges again and again against the enemy. After we lost our Captain and Lieutenants he took command of the company, and led it through the battle of Antietam. He was wounded in the head, and he fell stunned and bleeding.

"I carried him off the field, but could not tell whether he was dead or alive. I washed the blood from his face; the cold water had a salutary effect upon him, for when Hancock and Kearny had completed their march over the bloody field, he was sufficiently revived to hear the inspiring tones of triumph.

"Leaving to his feet, faint and sick as he was, he took up the shout of victory in unison with the conquerors on the field. But he had scarcely uttered the notes of victory and glory when his strength deserted him and he fell insensible to the ground." The old man added:

"Gen. — says if he lives through this he will go into the next battle with shoulder-straps on."

I went up to him, took his feverish hand, and told him that I recognized that his wound was not mortal. He thanked me, and said with enthusiasm, "I would rather have been killed than to have lost the battle."

CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.  
There is one thing that I have noticed on the field in every battle that I have witnessed; viz, that the Christian man is the best soldier. Says a Minister of the Gospel, writing upon the subject:

"It is a common saying among the officers that, as a class, the men who stand foremost when the battle is raging are the Christian men. Many a time I have talked with them about such scenes, and they have told me that their souls have stood firm in the hour of need, and that they have been perfectly calm.

"I have had Christian Generals tell me this. I have heard Gen. Howard often say that in the midst of the carnage, the Christian man was the best soldier. An old soldier sitting by him told me the following:

"I once heard an eminently pious lady say that she had seen a Christian going into the army to fight; it was so inconsistent with the Christian character, that she was tempted to doubt the reality of his faith. I respect the lady's views upon the subject, but her leave to differ from her; for I believe that a man can serve God just as acceptably in fighting the enemies of liberty, truth and righteousness with the musket down South, as he can in the quiet pulpits of the North; in fact, I am inclined to think he can do a little more effectively in the former place.

A SOLDIER'S DEATH-BED.  
The last night I spent in the hospital before leaving Williamsburg. I witnessed the death of a Christian soldier, a perfect description of which I find in the "Memories of the War."

"It was the hour of midnight when the Chaplain was summoned to the cot of a wounded soldier. He had only left him an hour before, with confident hopes of his speedy recovery—hopes which were shared by the Surgeon and the whole man himself. But a sudden change had taken place, and the Surgeon had come to say that the man could live but an hour or two at most, and to beg me to remain to make the announcement to the dying man. He was soon at his side, but, overpowered by his emotions, was utterly unable to deliver his message.

"The dying man, however, quickly read the solemn truth in the altered looks of the Chaplain, his faltering voice and ambiguous words. He had not before entertained a doubt of his recovery. He was expecting soon to see his mother, and with her kind nursing soon to be well. He was therefore entirely unprepared for the announcement, and at first it was overwhelming.

ment more so, too hard to be borne; but as the minutes passed, and the soul lifted itself up stronger and more steadily upon the wings of prayer, the countenance grew calmer, the lips steadier, and when the eyes opened again there was a light in their depths that could have come only from heaven.

"I thank you for your courage," he said more feebly, taking the Chaplain's hand, "the bitterness is over now, and I feel willing to die. Tell my mother—he passed, gave one sob, dry, and full of the first anguish of earth—told her how I longed to see her; but if God will permit me I will be near her. Tell her to comfort all who loved me; to say that I thought of them all. Tell my father that I am glad that he gave his consent. Tell my minister, by word or letter, that I thought of him, and that I thank him for all his counsel. Tell him I find that Christ will not desert the passing soul, and that I wish him to give my testimony to the living; that nothing is so real worth but the religion of Jesus, and now, will you pray with me?"

"With swelling emotion and tender tones the Chaplain besought God's grace and presence; then, restraining his sobs, he bowed down and pressed upon the beautiful brow, already chilled with the breath of the coming angel, twice, three, a fervent kiss. They might have been as tokens from the father and mother, as well as for himself.

"So thought, perhaps, the dying soldier, for a heavenly smile touched his face with new beauty as he said: 'Thank you, I won't trouble you any longer. You are weary, and I go to your rest.' 'The Lord God be with you' was the firm response. 'Amen,' trembled from the last whitening lips.

Another hour passed, still the Chaplain did not go to rest, but retired to an adjoining room; he was about to return to the bedside of the dying when the Surgeon met him and whispered softly, 'He is gone. Christ's soldier had found the Captain of his salvation, and received his reward.'

On the 10th of May Headquarters were established beyond Williamsburg, and communications were opened between the forces moving by land and water. The following dispatch was then sent by Gen. McClellan to Secretary Stanton:

"Camp at Ewell's Farm, 'Three miles beyond Williamsburg, May 10, 5 a. m. I have been simply living, breathing animals, subject to any order, and who would just as soon retreat as advance, so long as they did not have to fight. They did not care who won the battle."

It is possible that the enemy may abandon Richmond without a serious struggle, but I do not believe he will, and it would be unwise to count upon anything but a stubborn and desperate defense—a life and death contest. I see no other hope for him than to fight this battle, and we must win it. I shall fight them, whatever their force may be, and I ask for every man that the Department can send. No troops should now be left unemployed.

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## A PERSONAL HISTORY OF U. S. GRANT.

BY GEN. LAFAYETTE C. BAKER.  
First Chief of the Secret Service of the United States.

Illustrated; Bound in Leatherette; 398 Pages.  
IN THIS GRAPHIC STORY GEN. BAKER discloses in one complete narrative the secret history of the war in and about the National Capital. The work comprises 398 octavo pages, printed in large type, with copious illustrations depicting many of the most dramatic scenes in the story. No one who has written from behind the scenes was better qualified than Gen. Baker to treat of this phase of the great conflict. Many things here printed have never before been disclosed. It is well-known that while the Union armies met their enemies under the rebel flag on the field, the men who were attempting to destroy the Union were busily engaged at the same time in efforts to undermine the authority of the Government by plot, deception and fraud within the very portals of the Capitol and White House at Washington. All these secrets are uncovered in this story. The mysterious darkness which enshrouded the operations back and forth across the border line of the war is lightened up, and the tangled meshes of plot and counter-plot are unraveled. The doings of surreptitious mail carriers, the going and coming of smugglers of contraband supplies, and the secret intrigues of Northern sympathizers with Confederates in high places are laid bare. The part played by Canada as a basis of operation is explained. The operations of guerrillas, bushwhackers and illicit traders are given, with names of persons and places now for the first time made public.

Finally the greatest and last of the conspiracies, which resulted in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, is given with a wealth of particulars and completeness of incident not to be found in any other book. This is a great work, as our subscribers will find, and we have prepared a popular edition of it which we shall give away as explained above. It is handsomely bound in leatherette, and is a contribution to the history of the rebellion which should be in every loyal household. The original edition of this work cost \$2.50 in cloth, and our edition is printed from the same plates.

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Address, THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE,

"Those who entertain the opinion that the rebels will abandon Richmond without a struggle are, in my judgment, badly advised, and do not comprehend their situation, which is one requiring desperate measures. I beg that the President and Secretary will maturely weigh what I say, and leave nothing undone to comply with my request. If I am not reinforced it is probable that I will be obliged to fight nearly double my numbers strongly entrenched."

Four days later he writes:

"I will fight the enemy, whatever their force may be, with whatever force I may have, and I believe that we shall beat them; but our triumph should be made decisive and complete. The soldiers of this army love their Government, and will fight well in its support. You may rely upon them. They have confidence in me as their General, and in you as their President. Strong reinforcements will at least save the lives of many of them. The greater our force the more perfect will be our combinations, and the less our loss. For obvious reasons I beg you

to give immediate consideration to this communication, and to inform me fully at the earliest moment of your final decision."

NEWS FROM NORFOLK.  
A few days' rest after the fatigues of the battle, and the glorious news of the evacuation of Norfolk and the total annihilation of the Merrimac had a wonderful effect upon the spirits of our troops; they seemed inspired with new courage and enthusiasm. Hitherto I have said nothing concerning that great bugbear, the Merrimac. Perhaps some of my "blue-nose" readers are not so well posted with regard to the original structure of this formidable rebel battery as the Americans are, and it may be interesting to some to listen to a brief description of it.

"Upon the burning and evacuation of the Norfolk Navy Yard the steam frigate Merrimac was scuttled and sunk by order of Commodore Macaulay. This was one of the most magnificent ships in the American Navy, being rated as a 40-gun frigate of 4,900 tons burden. She was built in Charleston, Mass., in 1855, and was considered one of the finest specimens of naval architecture then afloat. She was 281 long, 52 feet broad, and drew

23 feet of water. Her engines were of 800 horse power, driving a two-bladed propeller 14 feet in diameter, and so adjusted as to be raised from the water when the vessel was driven by wind alone. Her armament consisted of 24 9-inch shell guns, 14 8-inch, and two 100-pound pivot guns.

"This magnificent structure was raised by the rebels and driven down Norfolk river, which was exceedingly massive and solid. Over this they constructed a sloping shield of railroad iron, firmly platted together, and extending two feet under the water. Its appearance was much like the slanting roof of a house set upon a ship's hull, like an extinguisher, the ends of the vessel, fore and aft, projecting a few feet beyond this roof. The gun-deck was completely inclosed by this shield, and nothing appeared above it but a short smokestack and two flag-staffs."

THE ENGAGEMENT.  
An eye-witness gives the following account of the first appearance and conflict of the Merrimac:

"The formidable National battery at Newport News opened with all its immense guns at point-blank range, and these solid shot and shells also glanced harmlessly away. On rushed the silent Merrimac, with not a soul on board to be seen, true as an arrow, and with all the power of her irresistible weight, plunged headlong with a fearful crash into the side of the helpless States."

ATTACKING THE CUMBERLAND.  
"The iron prow of the assailant struck the Cumberland amidships, crushing in her side with a mortal gash. Then, reversing her engine, and not even annoyed by the cannon-balls rattling against her impervious mail, she retraced her steps a few rods for another butt."

"As she drew back she turned her broadside to the wounded victim, and hurled into her bosom a merciless volley of shot and shell. The ponderous missiles tore through the crowded ship, hurled her massive guns about her decks, and scattering mutilated bodies in all directions."

"Again gathering headway, she crowded

on all steam and made another plunge at the Cumberland. She struck directly upon the former round, and crashed in the whole side of the ship as if it had been a latticework of laths.

"Timbers as strong as nature and art could make them were snapped and crushed like dry twigs. As the sun went down that night over Hampton Roads every Union heart in the fleet and in the fortresses throbbled with despair. There was no gleam of hope. The Merrimac was impervious to balls, and could go where she pleased. In the morning it was a single broadside into the doomed ship, and then leaving her to the attention of the Jamestown and Yorktown, made directly for the Cumberland. When the Merrimac was within 100 yards of the two frigates they both discharged their tremendous broadsides against her armor.

The mailed monster quivered a moment under the fourth concussion, but every ball glanced from her sloping shield. The wooden arrows of the Indian from the hide of the crocodile. Her ports were all closed. Not deigning to pay any attention to the fierce but harmless assault of the two frigates, she rushed straight forward upon her prey."

On the bloody fields of the Peninsula our boys were in the front ranks. They fought and went down with the gallant Baker at Ball's Bluff. At Annapolis they displayed their bravery. At Fredericksburg they made charge after charge, and were the last to leave the field of carnage.

At Chancellorsville they did heroic duty; here the gallant Capt. Frank Elliott fell. At the crossing of the Rappahannock on a perilous mission they were the first to enter the pontoon boats. At Salem Church, with the brave Sedgwick, they were on the front line, almost surrounded, and yielded only when shot down.

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Monitor appeared. When the tale of brick is doubled, it comes.

"I never more firmly believed in special Providence than at that hour. Even skeptics were converted, and said, 'God has saved her.'"

At the surrender of Lee's army they were there. Where danger was the greatest and fighting the most desperate you would find the brave and loyal sons of old Virginia. First Sergeant, Co. B, 119th Pa., German town, Pa.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—In the next installment the author will tell of exciting spy work within the rebel lines. Interesting events rapidly succeed each other in coming chapters.

## NOTED FOR LOYALTY.

How Old Germantown's Citizens Answered the Call to Arms to '91.

Editor National Tribune: Like the patriots of old who rode through the streets calling "To arms! To arms!" so the loyal people of old Germantown, Pa., rushed forth to defend the flag that day.

Recruiting commenced at once, and in a short period two full companies were ready to move. Soon several additional companies were organized for three years or the war, while many joined other organizations throughout the State.

Old Germantown was noted for its loyalty to the Government, and sent men to the war than any other town of its population. The churches were filled with loyalty and patriotism, the Methodists, Presbyterians, and others, all contributing to the cause.

One street (Haines) sent over 100 of its boys to defend the flag. Over 500 Germantown boys were killed or died of disease in the service. The number recruited amounted to upwards of 2,000. Several families sent four or more. To attempt to enumerate the deeds of heroism of these gallant boys would take a volume.

Here in Germantown was established one of the best army hospitals in the country; here hundreds of sick and wounded soldiers were cared for. Almost every battlefield was marked with the blood of our heroic boys. Among the defenders of Sumter were our Brimhurst and Weitzman, doing heroic duty, and in the night attack was George T. White, fighting like a hero, only to die at Andersonville Prison.

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